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plication of the very theory which he has for forty years been among the foremost in helping to destroy. Only the necessities of a false position on the Philippine question could, it seems to us, have ever led him to the employment of such arguments.

London Boulevardism.

Later information shows that the breaking up of the meeting in Trafalgar Square, called to protest against war with the Transvaal, was a much more serious affair than our note on the subject last month indicated. The breaking up of the peace demonstration was brought about, the London *Daily Chronicle* says, "in obedience to the direct advice of two or three of the less reputable London newspapers," meaning the *Daily Mail*, the *Sun* and the *Evening News*. We had supposed that some of the "Yellow" journals of this country could not be outdone in lying and mischief-making, but the course of these London "reptile" papers outdid anything of the kind we have seen in this "wild and woolly" America. Think of calling such men as Hodgson Pratt, Felix Moscheles, Mr. Passmore Edwards, Mr. William Randal Cremer, Dr. G. B. Clark, M. P., and their friends, "Boer bribe takers," "Sunday idlers," "stock-dabblers," the "fringe of city life," "bar-parlor frequenters," "self-advertising quacks," and the like! If these men are the scum which these papers represented them to be, the good Lord have mercy upon the rest of humanity!

When these men, whose devotion to the good of humanity is known in many countries, arrived at Trafalgar Square on the 24th of September, and proceeded in the most civil and orderly way imaginable to try to address the meeting which they had called, they found the square in the possession of a dangerous mob of forty or fifty thousand persons. This immense mob was organized here and there in groups, and their yells and howls arose in one indistinguishable roar. The friends of peace on the platform were rushed, were pelted with rotten apples, eggs, tomatoes, walnuts, pipes, caps full of sand, coppers, rolls of paper, books, sticks, heavy door keys, and partly opened knives. Mr. Moscheles, chairman of the Standing Committee of the International Arbitration and Peace Association, was struck under the left ear by a half-opened knife, though fortunately not seriously hurt. The success of the hit was loudly laughed at by the "civilizing," Boer-hating crowd! Many knives were afterwards picked up and carried away as souvenirs of the dastardly ruffianism. Knives are not known ever to have been thrown before in Trafalgar Square, not even in times of the greatest disorder. The people on the platform were finally rescued and carried out of danger by a body of six hundred mounted police.

The worst feature of the affair was, not that the newspapers which had incited the riot boasted of the

success of the mob, which they styled "a thoroughly typical English crowd of the upper, middle and working classes," but that the riot was justified by some of the ordinarily respectable dailies, including nearly all of the Ministerial press. The *Evening Standard*, the *Times*, the *St. James Gazette*, the *Standard*, the *Western Morning News* declared that "the seething mass of people, hooting and groaning, shaking their fists, sticks and umbrellas," was a "proof that the government had the hearty support of the people," that "Londoners were becoming very impatient of the professional advocates of peace." According to the *Standard*, "The throng was a respectable and representative one; indeed, the rowdy element was conspicuously absent." The three conscienceless papers which brought on the ruffianism, the *Mail*, the *Sun* and the *Evening News*, declared that "it was a great day for the United Services," "a great and stirring Imperialistic demonstration," that "London is unanimous in its imperial patriotism."

This exhibition of coarse mob ruffianism, even though on a scale rarely surpassed anywhere, and upheld by so many journals, is not proof that England is lost to all sense of decency and right; but it is proof that the degrading and barbarizing influences of militarism and imperialism have got a much deeper and deadlier hold on Englishmen and English institutions than is generally supposed. When a great paper like the *Standard* can coolly describe a mob which is shouting "Drown 'em!" and from which arises "a growl as from a cage of wild beasts," as "a respectable and representative throng," it is not exaggerating to say that English civilization is harboring to its own hurt an exceedingly dangerous foe. It is true, as *Concord* argues, that no recognized representative of the national life has spoken such words as those uttered by newspapers on this occasion. But John Morley, Herbert Spencer, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Bishop of Hereford, Dr. Clifford, and others whom it mentions and does not mention, have not, with all their eloquence and common sense, been able to keep English journalism from descending in this instance to a depth of shamelessness which would be no credit to the lowest sort of French boulevard journalism.

All these right-minded men together have just now less influence in controlling and directing the national life than the single man Joseph Chamberlain. His imperialist policy has its halter around the neck of the whole nation, and even the unwilling are marching helplessly after him. The classes of men whom he represents, as Mr. Pratt says, "through a powerful section of the press, teach the nation to glory in the subjugation of weak and defenseless races," that British wealth may be increased by robbing them of their lands. We do not wonder that Mr. Pratt adds, with great sadness: "Let such corruption of men's minds go on for a few years, and it is easy to see how

soon all love of justice may disappear and society become rotten. Trafalgar Square and the incitements to outrage which preceded the meeting, and the utter disregard of 'British fairplay,' indeed demonstrate how far we have entered on the path which leads to retribution and national decadence."

There is ample love of justice and moral strength in Great Britain to save the nation quickly from the gulf into which ambition of power and greed of wealth are hurrying her, but this better sentiment has a strange way of being silent before the foreign projects of government, as if government can do no wrong. That is the great national weakness of Englishmen, as of other peoples. When the government has adopted a policy, however iniquitous, discussion at once ends, consciences are hushed up, party differences are put away, supplies are voted, and the whole strength of the nation is thrown into the execution. An unscrupulous, long-headed politician knows perfectly how to take advantage of this characteristic and hurry the nation away into an iniquitous scheme in which foreign and home justice sink together. The Trafalgar Square incident is a clear indication that the same sort of blind subordination to authority through which the nation was swept away into the Crimean War is again in possession of the people.

Our friends were right in attempting to make their protest, and we hope they will not allow themselves to be silenced by the dictates of a time-serving prudence. It is perfectly clear that English liberty, as well as American liberty, is passing through a new and insidious peril, and the battle of right must be heroically waged at whatever risks to life and reputation.

A Harpy Power Critic.

A writer in the October *North American Review*, who signs himself R. M. Johnston, and before whose mind the Harpy scene in Virgil seems to have been vividly present, makes a frantic effort to persuade the Senate that it ought not to think of ratifying the doings of the Hague Conference. The Arbitration Convention agreed upon he styles "a piece of egregious folly," which requires us to "sacrifice on the altar of international brotherhood the long cherished traditions of our foreign policy." If this Convention is ratified we shall lose our independence and be forever afterwards in "the clutch of the Harpy powers."

The proofs which he adduces are profoundly original. The eminent men of the Conference consciously played a huge farce. Having nothing else to do, and fearing that they would be overwhelmed with obliquy by the "millennium-seekers" unless they attempted something, they fell eagerly upon the subject of arbitration. If Mr. Johnston had been at The Hague he never could have conjured up, even out of his extraordinary brain, such an utterly groundless charge against as serious a body of public men as ever assem-

bled. His second count is that arbitration fell upon the delegates and forced them in spite of themselves to give it a hearing. Arbitration schemes "poured" in upon the hapless men and overwhelmed them. Now, there were just four schemes all told, and that of Italy was only an amendment to the Russian. How four schemes could "pour" surpasses comprehension. But Mr. Johnston considers four schemes a "plethora of solutions."

His next contention is that Mr. Stead, with his "big drum of universal peace," now got after the delegates, who had by this time "lost their heads," and "banged" at them so "distractedly" that he succeeded in "beautifully stampeding" them. This is really too hard on Mr. Stead, "banger" though he may be. We saw him often at The Hague, but not once did we find him cutting any such capers as Mr. Johnston's lively brain imagines. Mr. Stead, he says, was aided in stampeding the innocent delegates by "all the liberal ladies of the world, assembled in their thousands at The Hague, calling the delegates 'dears.'" Aside from tourists, who scarcely pricked up their ears at the Conference, and a few wives and daughters of delegates, there were just twelve liberal ladies from abroad assembled there. Two of these were Quaker ladies who came over from England "in thousands" and remained two days "buzzing around like bees." Not over five or six ladies remained during the Conference or had anything whatever to say to the delegates.

In spite of all this "banging" and "dear" influence of Mr. Stead and the liberal women, Mr. Johnston declares that the arbitration schemes must have failed from discord among themselves if kind old Sir Julian Pauncefote, "with his engaging, genial diplomacy," had not after a time joined in the fray. But Sir Julian was in the ring the very first with what Mr. Johnston courteously calls his little "boiled down scheme," with its "poisonous ingredients," which this alarmist thinks is to put his beloved America to sleep.

Mr. Johnston further argues that, notwithstanding the serious utterances of our government and people, the United States had no particular interest in the Conference, not even in the matter of arbitration, but simply consented to its consideration out of courtesy to Russia; therefore the Senate should reject the Convention. Especially should this be done because the Convention has a loop-hole in it in which the Monroe Doctrine is sure to get its precious neck caught and suffer strangulation, in spite of the fact that Mr. White got inserted in the General Act of the Conference a declaration that nothing in the Convention should be construed as requiring the United States to abandon her traditional policy of non-interference in European affairs.

Mr. Johnston, after this pettifogging abuse, goes into a somewhat elaborate argument to show that, while the arbitration provided for in the Convention